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W. R. HEARST.

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## THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate generally fair and warm weather; southerly winds, cloudy and threatening in the evening.

## WHY REORGANIZE?

A Chicago dispatch credits John P. Hopkins, the well known Mayor of Chicago at the time of the Debs strike, with a purpose to reorganize the Democratic party by a convention within sixty days after election. Mr. Hopkins, it seems, is vice-chairman and the real executive head of the so-called National Democratic party—that organization of seceders masquerading under a stolen name, to which President Cleveland, his Cabinet and such of the minor Federal office holders as can be coerced give countenance and aid.

The gentlemen engaged in this project of building a new political party for their own use and profit must be very destitute of a sense of humor. Last June, by the persistent application under the reign of Grover Cleveland of those principles which are now comprised in the Indianapolis platform—described by Hopkins as “the most patriotic, the most conservative and the most eloquent pronouncement of American ideas that has ever come from a modern political assembly”—the Democratic party had been brought to the door of the cave of gloom, had been plunged in the slough of despond. Men had wearied of the platitudes of the ordinary platform, of which that adopted at Indianapolis is a commonplace type. Democrats were disgusted by the betrayal of their party by Cleveland, of its subservience to the money power, of the shameful situation of the end of trusts and monopolies. It was common talk that for the Democratic party to hold a convention was sheer waste of time. Clevelandism had wrecked it, and the election of McKinley was assured.

Mark how great the change after the Chicago convention declared its masterful policy and scoured the money-changers out of Democracy's temple! With Clevelandism repudiated, with Hill, Flower, Fellows, Palmer, Buckner, Hopkins, Bynum and the rest of the ignoble army of mercenaries driven from its ranks, with seceders striving to defeat it by treachery, and its historic enemy striving to overthrow it by the corrupt use of money and of power, the Democratic party approaches election day with enthusiasm instead of apathy, with confidence in place of the despair which prevailed before the Indianapolis session. It is strong because of the enemies it has made; healthful because the malignant cancer of plutocracy has been cut from its body.

“Ex-Governor Flower, of New York, and many other sound money Democrats of the East, are said to favor the plan to reorganize the party.” So runs the story. In brief, they would lay the plans for a return to Clevelandism—and perhaps to Cleveland—for putting the party once more where it was prior to the nomination of William J. Bryan. A Democrat need not have a long memory to understand that such reorganization means party collapse and the transference of the light—sure to be ultimately successful—to some other organization not cursed with statesmen whose ears are tuned to catch the slightest pulsation of a pocketbook.

Dr. Parkhurst's denunciation of the Chicago platform and the Court of Appeals shows that he would reserve for himself the special privilege of criticizing the judiciary.

“Money talks,” declares a Republican contemporary. That is one of Mr. Hanna's pet notions.

Chicago's silent vote is very likely to make a noise Mark Hanna will not enjoy.

The McKinley campaign managers would feel much more comfortable if they only knew what Secretary Morton will do next.

By the issue of a campaign document the State Department has broken another record. As a precedent destroyer the Cleveland Administration has been an unqualified success.

The Buffalo Express is a member of the Republican fusion with Breckinridge. There are several things in this campaign which must try the nerves of all respectable Republican newspapers.

The Canton cut rate will be abolished next.

## A GREAT MAN.

Whether William Jennings Bryan shall become President of the United States or not, he has proved himself a great leader, a great man. Should the voting go against him on Tuesday, who is there, even among his opponents, that will not recognize a splendid figure towering above defeat? He has grown from day to day in the appreciation of the American people ever since he began his marvellous personal campaign, until now he has come to seem to common men colossal. His recent return to Chicago was a triumph the like of which has been accorded successful soldiers only. Julian Hawthorne, the most masculine among our writers, describing for the Journal those monstrous crowds cheering in a delirium of enthusiasm, drew this picture in the midst:

I kept getting glimpses of Bryan. He stood erect in the moving carriage, his head up, confronting that amazing concourse with an expression grave almost to grimness. Not twice in a lifetime, not once in most lifetimes, has such a scene been beheld or imagined. The chief figure in it looked worthy of the occasion—a man of iron nerve and unconquerable dignity. Certainly this is a man of men.

But it is the same Bryan who worked obscurely as a lawyer in Nebraska; the same Bryan who made his mark at once in Congress; the same Bryan who drew the country's notice by his attack in the House upon the un-Democratic policies of the un-Democratic Cleveland; the same Bryan who gave voice to the soul of the Chicago Convention, and was so plainly perceived to be the man for the work before the Democratic party that all competitors disappeared. If the Bryan of to-day seems larger it is because his opportunity is greater. To every situation he has been more than equal, which proves his greatness.

Has ever a candidate for the Presidency faced the discouragements that he has faced and easily overcome? Put forward upon a platform of moderate and constitutional proposals of reform, he was instantly assailed as a revolutionist, the enemy of the national honor, of courts, of orderly government itself. And this not alone from the opposition. The Federal Administration, nominally Democratic, many of the foremost men of his own party throughout the country, and many of the most powerful newspapers of his own party also, joined in the assault. It seemed as if not merely the wealth, but what pass for the respectability and character of the United States, had made common cause against him. So forlorn appeared his situation, so lonely was his isolation, that the opposition considered him entitled to no serious consideration and set out to shout him down. He was scornfully to be denied a respectful hearing.

Recall Bryan's place in the public mind, as the public mind is reflected by the press, two months ago, and contrast it with his place in the public mind now. He has made a hearing for himself. Going straight before the people, he has preached his gospel of just money, equal rights for all and special privileges for none—preached it with such sincerity, such eloquence, such clearness, such force, such calmness, such self-command and dignity, that his appearance among men wherever he goes, in the cities or out in the villages of the farmers, sets such fires of patriotism burning as have not blazed since armies were marching and the Union was being fought for. To millions he has become the personification of the Democratic principle, and to millions he will remain that, whether he shall for the next four years live in Washington or in Lincoln, Nebraska.

Only genius could have achieved what William Jennings Bryan has achieved. His is that rare combination of qualities, intellectual, moral and physical, which precisely meets the needs of a time when revolt against established and respectable wrong is stirring men's blood. What ordinary men have felt and failed to express to others, or even coherently to themselves, Bryan expresses with the lucidity and strength of perfect naturalness and native earnestness. Other men could not by trying be what he is, and he by trying could not be other than he is. The hour and the man have once more arrived together.

Those who, hostile to his cause and seeing his power to lift masses of men out of themselves, call Bryan a demagogue blazon their own littleness, their incapacity to know a man of genius when he appears. The crowd is always the demagogue's inspiration and master; Bryan is ever the inspiration and master of the crowd. Though he has spoken daily for many weeks and made speeches by the hundred, the printed record of what he has said will be searched vainly for a single descent from the plane of self-respecting manliness, for a sentence thrown out to catch the applause of the moment. It is not in the man to pander to the unworthy. His whole being is absorbed in the delivering of his message, and the tricks of the demagogue are foreign to him, while loss of balance, of intellectual sureness and of clarity are impossible. He never rings false. This is not eulogy, but fact.

Let the election turn out as it may, the political struggle of 1896 has brought forth for the world's knowledge a great American in William Jennings Bryan.

## THE PARTY OF REPUDIATION.

For three months the Republican shout has been that the Democratic party is a party of repudiation.

So it is. The Democratic party has repudiated Grover Cleveland and the financial policy which has turned over the National Treasury to bond syndicates.

The Democratic party has repudiated the gold standard, which is profitable to the few and impoverishing to the many, making money dear and everything else cheap.

The Democratic party has repudiated government by the trusts, syndicates, and all the moneyed combines by which the masses of the people are deceived and our public and private life corrupted.

The Democratic party has repudiated the theory that the will of a judge shall be substituted for law—that an order of court shall override statutes and deprive the citizen of his constitutional right to a trial by a jury when he is accused of crime. It has repudiated government by injunction, which enables any rich corporation that can secure a pliable judge to become a despot as powerful and cruel as any that ever sat on a throne and ruled by divine right.

The Democratic party has repudiated the monstrous doctrine that the American citizen must not criticize the decisions of courts, but stand, like a trembling lackey, dumb, reverent and submissive, before the deliverances of these tribunals always, whether they are right or wrong. It has repudiated the doctrine that the authority of courts comes from on high instead of from the people, and that judges are the masters, not the servants, of the public.

The Democratic party has repudiated the notion that the fortunate minority, the rich and comfortable, are alone competent to vote—so competent that it is their privilege not alone to cast their own ballots, but to coerce their employees into voting as their employers think best.

The Democratic party has repudiated the theory that the money and not the men of the Republic should rule it.

The Democratic party has left it to the Republican party to advocate the unfair and dishonest gold standard; to nominate for President a man who as

they still insist upon indulging their passion for anarchy by voting, cheat them out of the election.”

That this is the Republican plan is made clear by the experience of this year's campaign, and the defiance of law by the Indiana chairman is only an incident of such policy.

Let the people vote steadily, faithfully, peaceably for the right next Tuesday, and all such autocratic outrages on their constitutional rights will be at an end.

## ROOSEVELT AS ANARCHIST.

The eruption of Theodore Roosevelt into national politics bids fair to be followed by the most sanguinary consequences. The redoubtable President of the Police Commission scents battle afar off, and neighs and plunges like an ancient war horse. Chock full of the courage of his own convictions, there isn't room in his brain for any recognition of the sincerity of others. They who are not with Roosevelt are not only against him, but are demagogues, Anarchists, revolutionists, potential murderers. Mr. Roosevelt says so himself.

Roosevelt, after posing as the highest type of the scholar in politics, has descended in this campaign to the most contemptible plane of flannel-mouthed demagoguery. He loses no opportunity to describe that very great section of the American people who disagree with him as repudiationists, swindlers and Anarchists. The Presidential nominee of the Democratic party, whose pure life and lofty character have baffled every effort of a bitterly hostile press to blacken his name, whose brilliant oratory has electrified and convinced hundreds of thousands of Americans, whose perfect self-control and dignity under the most trying circumstances have moved all his intelligent opponents to admiration and respect, this cheap young patrician describes sneeringly as “the boy who is anxious to precipitate another civil war.”

For the Governor of Illinois, whom in his own State men follow with a devotion which speaks more loudly than words for his high personal qualities; for that Altgeld whose recent speech in Cooper Union revolutionized public sentiment in New York, Roosevelt has no better description than “the danger that walks in the night.” Nor has this scholar in politics, this representative of the better classes, this man who, favored by fortune and petted by politicians, has enjoyed honors which he has not won, the decency to refrain from repeating the lies of a notoriously corrupt press.

Upon the entire State Convention of the Illinois Democracy all the offences in the criminal calendar. The most vulgar pothouse politician could have descended to no lower depths of infamy than Theodore Roosevelt in his address at the Wool Exchange.

Let us inform Mr. Roosevelt and his dupes, if he have made any, that there is no type of revolutionist, no example of Anarchist in the United States this year to be compared with him. From him and from men of his class alone come suggestions of revolution. He may be challenged to produce one man on the side of the people who has ventured to say as he, Roosevelt, has said, that the issues of this campaign are yet to be settled on the field of battle. It has not been our idea that the Hannas, the Rockefelleres, the Carnegies, dangerous as they are, should be lined up against a brick wall and shot to death. Can Mr. Roosevelt say as much for his views of political controversy? Men have not heard Governor Altgeld express a desire to meet his antagonists with a gun in his hands, nor have they listened to one word from the lips of Mr. Bryan which hinted at the possibility of armed conflict. When war did rack the nation the Governor of Illinois, whom this dentally superb and mentally hysterical New Yorker now calls traitor, went to the front as a soldier in a cavalry regiment and earned his right to speak for his nation by risking his life for it.

Shall Roosevelt be not taken seriously? Because his character is always bombastic and explosive shall no heed be given to his preachments of revolution in wealth's behalf and in behalf of the establishment of the communism of self, or to his wanton slander of a great class of the workers of the nation? Shall we give no heed to the warning hiss of the serpent merely because it is the reptile's nature to hiss? Is there no danger threatening the integrity of the nation when Roosevelt talks of shooting down his political opponents, when Lauterbach declares his party may not win by the decision of the people at the polls, when an ex-Senator of the United States threatens to overturn the will of the people by the employment of 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 armed men, when a bishop of a great diocese finds Republican approval for his execrable assertion that our farmers' boys should have less education, so that they may remain satisfied with the calling of their fathers, and when all is said in aid of one party and one candidate? Is it among those who follow Bryan that is heard the damnable doctrine that what this country needs is a king? Is there dread lest in the event of his election Mr. McKinley may not receive his seat, and does not every man at all cognizant of the situation

know that Mr. Bryan's cooler managers and advisers have the gravest and most justifiable apprehension lest his election shall prove only one step toward his inauguration, and that the next step will have to be taken over every sort of fraud and of violence which the forces of consolidated plutocracy can devise?

Mr. Roosevelt has brought disgrace upon an honored name. He has disclosed the weakness of his cause by substituting for fair argument wanton slander and indecent invective. But more than all this, he has betrayed to all men the desperation, the treasonable intentions of the forces with which he is allied, and has furnished to all who purpose that this Republic shall remain a Republic, and become neither an oligarchy nor a monarchy, reason for continuing the battle now begun by the Democracy for equal rights and universal liberties until victory shall be won, although that victory be deferred for years.

## ADVICE TO DEMOCRATS.

Public Prosperity is the cause in which the Democratic party is now enlisted. Reason is the weapon on which it relies to win a victory on Tuesday next.

It is plain, even without the audacious threat of Mark Hanna, that no means, however unworthy, however desperate, are to be neglected by which there might be a chance of accomplishing Mr. Bryan's defeat. “If we can't beat them one way, we will another way,” is the Republican watchword of the campaign.

There is reason to believe that in some States in which Mr. Bryan is hopeful of success the opposition would not hesitate to resort to violence if they thought that by so doing they might avert defeat.

The justification for this assertion is to be found in the infamous falsehoods published in some of the leading McKinley newspapers, charging upon Democrats a disposition to provoke rioting.

Chairman Hanna announces that the Republican Committee at Chicago headquarters was in apprehension all day Tuesday in case Bryan's coming should precipitate a riot. How could it, unless the Republicans, fearing his arguments, provoked or caused it?

A ridiculous McKinley organ charged that the egg throwing indulged in during the progress of Mr. Bryan and his wife to their hotel was a trick of the Democratic party, who were themselves the egg throwers.

The only organized invitation to violence during the campaign has been when Hanna ordered “counter demonstrations” at all Bryan meetings, and when decorated mobs with yellow badges were sent to the front to interrupt the Democratic candidate while speaking. Even this provocation, accompanied by insults offered to both Mr. and Mrs. Bryan, was borne without resentment by the Democrats and “talked down” by the candidate.

There is some indication that trouble may be designedly precipitated in Chicago. It is to be sincerely hoped not. But all the supporters of Mr. Bryan are exhorted to avoid altercation with anybody, and to do all in their power to preserve the peace. They have been charged falsely with anarchy, while they have sought to win by argument. Let them prove how false is the charge by refusing to be forced into disorder or violence, and their triumph is certain.

Bryanism, we gather from the calm and high-minded Evening Post, is ruffianism. The country has been disgraced by the egg incident in Chicago. Obviously it wouldn't have happened if Bryan had not gone to Chicago. Therefore Bryan is to blame for the eggs that were thrown at him. Thus do we see that the effects of Bryanism are far-reaching and debasing. Unless Popocracy shall be crushed at this election and the national honor preserved, American taste, to say nothing of American morals, will be so lowered that we shall not be able to look England in the face.

Should Major McKinley be elected, fancy the smile that will illumine the gentle and refined countenance of Mr. Mark Hanna and the I-told-you-so tone in which he will observe to the statesmen around him: “Who says it hurts a man in politics if he jumps on labor with both feet between campaigns?”

The sort of national honor that is to be preserved by bulldozing American voters and crushing the manhood out of them, is a sort of national honor which is only understood or valued by the scoundrels who do the bulldozing.

District-Attorney Perry, of Kansas, is on the stump for the Palmer and Buckner ticket. Like the offending trusts, Mr. Perry is being overlooked by Attorney-General Harmon.

Dr. Thomas, the Chicago minister who has declared for Bryan and Sewall, has been rudely thrust into the ranks of anarchy. It is very easy to dispose of such cases.

The conspicuous absence of all reference to McKinley in the campaign speeches of Hon. Tom Reed is one of the things that bothers Mark Hanna.

The “over-educated farmers” seem to be making all the necessary arrangements for going to the polls next Tuesday.

## ROOSEVELT AND WAR.

## A Denial That Is Sharply Met by Willis J. Abbot.

To the Editor of the Journal:

Sir—The Journal apparently intends to keep me busy denying fake stories. The statement you make in your issue of today, in which you declare I am for “horrid war,” is, I presume, based upon a private conversation I held with one of the editors of your paper, Mr. Abbot, on my way to Chicago, although the statement appears without apparent authority or signature. One paragraph of that conversation, in which you quote me as being willing to meet Altgeld “sword in hand” at the “head of my regiment” is not merely a falsehood, but a particularly clumsy falsehood. I not only never used that expression, but I used no expression even remotely resembling it, and it is not the kind of expression of which I have ever made use on any occasion.

Your correspondent puts in quotation marks, and in the first person, a conversation which he thinks he remembers having held with me two or three weeks ago. You, of course, know that any man who tries to report from memory, after such an interval, a speech in the first person, shows his untrustworthiness. He would have been quite right had he stated that I told him what I have frequently said on the stump, that I declined entirely to consider Mr. Altgeld as the ordinary type of political opponent, looking upon him precisely as I look upon Debs or Coxie or any other incliner to mob violence, who might by his actions plunge the country into civil disturbance.

I wish again to state that the paragraph quoted above about the “sword-in-hand” business is a simple invention, and by no means an intelligent invention. According to the ethics of intercourse among gentlemen it is not usual for an editor to repeat a private conversation in his paper, especially when he repeats it without returning to avow himself as the authority. This, however, affects your editor, and not me, for I am wholly indifferent to the repetition of the conversation in question. What I do object to is his having it repeated in garbled form, with a piece of sheer invention injected. It is less an offense against me than a reflection upon your own good sense deliberately to insert in your paper some weeks after the alleged event occurred a long conversation, in quotation marks and in the first person, on the strength of a very untrustworthy memory. None of the conversation is accurately given, and portions of it bear no relation whatever to anything I said at that time or any other. Your truly,  
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

## Mr. Abbot's Answer.

Hon. Theodore Roosevelt.

Sir: I judge you are entirely right in presuming that the article in yesterday's Journal, proceeded from your conversation with me held upon a train some two weeks ago. Though I did not write the article nor suggest its publication, I am perfectly willing now to approve its tone and to endorse, in the main, its statements of fact. Your statements made to me were so very extraordinary in their intolerance and for their expression of a desire to put down by force of arms a purely political agitation because its purposes are in danger, antagonism to your own views that I could not refrain from repeating them in private conversation and citing you as a type of a perhaps well meaning but still menacing class of citizens—a man who, charging upon others revolutionary purposes, still breathes himself in every argument the language of revolution.

To you and to those who may read your complaint printed above I desire to say in all sincerity that the dispatch in yesterday's Journal did report your conversation with me with substantial accuracy. And I wish to call your attention to the fact that when you profess to deny its authenticity it is the trivialities of phraseology you repudiate, not the spirit—a spirit which after two weeks of cool reflection seems to me more unparadiseable, more menacing to the well-being of the nation, than it did when you displayed it, with your usual force of manner, to me in person. You say you did not use the expression, “sword in hand,” and you are possibly right. But you did declare that some of the leaders whom I have the honor to follow were men whom you might have to meet on the battlefield and to shoot down. And I note with interest that you utterly fail to make reference to your very forceful plan of suppressing the political agitation in which Mr. Bryan and his followers are engaged by lining up a dozen or more leaders against a wall and shooting them, as was done with the French Communists.

Had I written the article of which you complain, I would not have been guilty of what you regard as the unethical act of failing to sign my name. Had I written it, the assertion that your very ignorant estimate of the character of Governor Altgeld had been conveyed to him would not have appeared, for, though our conversation was repeated to him, I did not explain that he was one of the gentlemen whom you anticipate meeting in deadly conflict. But these are mere errors of detail, and that they are errors does not affect the truth of the article. The fact remains, and since you have forced my name into this controversy I am ready to certify to it, that you did express belief that at the bottom of the free silver agitation lay the seeds of revolution, that you named men in the Chicago Convention whom you expected to have to meet in armed conflict, and that you said in so many words that some of our leaders ought to be put up against a wall and shot to death. I am, yours truly,  
WILLIS J. ABBOT.

## Fun in Prospect.

[Washington Post.]

The Chicago footpads crack jokes as they rob their victims. If the crooks in that town continue to progress they will soon be throwing in a vaudeville performance with each hold-up.

## Active Mr. Hanna.

[Washington Post.]

Mark Hanna has been so active and vigilant that he has denied and denounced several statements which Chairman Jones didn't make.

## It Is Refreshing.

[Washington Post.]

It is refreshing to hear Bourke Cockran's denunciation of the income tax. Cockran denounced and voted for this tax in the Fifty-third Congress.

## Disposed to Act Surly.

[Washington Post.]

Some of the unappreciative farmers are disposed to act surly over that \$40,000,000 they have made by the activity of the wheat market.

## History Repeats Itself.

[Columbus Press.]

Mr. Bryan and Mr. McKinley were last candidates for office on the same day, November 3, 1896, when both were defeated by Congress. McKinley was defeated and Mr. Bryan elected. History repeats itself.

## THE WORLD OVER.

## Went a Bullet in His Brain.

A peculiar case was begun in the Superior Court at Santa Rosa, Cal., the other day, by Fred J. Isee. It is for the purpose of having his “other, John Misse, who is now in an insane asylum, declared sane. John Misse, on oys the distraction of being the only man in the State who was a large, red bullet in his head, and he has enjoyed that distinction for two years. Two years ago he became demented, and taking a forty-four calibre revolver he placed it within a few inches of his forehead and fired. The ball made a hole almost as big as the end of a man's thumb, and why it did not kill him is a mystery to medical men here.

He was laid up a few weeks, but finally surprised his old companions by appearing among them. The physicians did not probe for the ball, fearing that they would strike the brain, and so it has never been disturbed. It was their belief that the cartridge was not a very strong one, and that after it penetrated the skull the ball dropped down between the brain and the skull. About a year ago he showed signs of insanity, and when he was examined the physician ascribed his condition to the presence of the bullet so near his brain. Now it is claimed that he is well again, and he will have his hearing November 2.

## A German John Stetson.

The Germans have an odd character, says the Detroit Free Press, a certain Baron, who is made responsible for many absurd and ludicrous things. Whenever anything particularly stupid or whimsical happens it is straightway attributed to the Baron. Consequently, many amusing stories are related of the Baron, just as in this country all kinds of mistakes have been heaped upon the shoulders of the late John Stetson, the theatrical man. At one time the Baron went to Venice, and seeing the pigeons on St. Mark paused in wonder and began to count them. He was getting on nicely with his calculation when some one tapped him on the shoulder.

“Here, you,” said a stern-faced brigand, “are you counting those pigeons?”

“I was,” replied the Baron, humbly. “Do you not know it is against the law of the country?”

“I was not aware of it, good sir.”

“Very well; you have to pay me one lire for every pigeon you counted.”

“If that is the law, here are forty lire,” responded the Baron, counting out the money.

The brigand looked over it carefully and took his departure. Then the Baron became convulsed with merriment and shook his fists boisterously after the retreating figure.

“Fool! Fool!” he exclaimed. “I gave you forty lire and I counted 100 pigeons!”

## A Self-Moving Rocking Chair.

The unknown and the unknowable has reached Columbus, Ohio. At the residence of Charles Hammond, of No. 314 Asaello street, there is considerable uneasiness over the mysterious actions of a certain rocking chair which seems endowed with certain supernatural powers. With no one near, the chair begins to rock to and fro, and this has not only been noticed by Mrs. Hammond, but by her mother, who came here on a visit and knew nothing of any unusual manifestations. While reading in the chair Sunday Mr. Hammond stated that the chair began to rock, and he was unable to determine the cause. It has been suggested that the floor may be unsteady, but this he denied, leaving the trouble very much in doubt.

## Bears Adopt a Little Girl.

A recent dispatch from Western Pennsylvania says: Four-year-old Helma Ursler wandered away from her home near Snow-shoe Thursday noon. She was swallowed up in the wilderness of the Allegheny Mountains. A large searching party turned out to beat the woods. Late yesterday afternoon four lumbermen found the child about a mile and a half from her home in the dense woods, playing with two bear cubs. Strange to say, though her clothes were torn, she was unharmed except by a few scratches. The men were taking Helma away when a 300-pound female bear dashed out from the underbrush. After a desperate struggle the beast was killed with axes. Fritz Yanezer's right arm was terribly lacerated by the animal's teeth and claws, and amputation will probably be necessary. Mrs. Ursler was almost insane when the child was returned. It is a trait of the bears in that vicinity that they never harm little children.

## Wives for Western Miners.

The new mining camps on Trail and Boundary creeks in British Columbia are soon to receive a delegation of young women from Canada, and each one will, it is expected, become a married woman almost as soon as she becomes a resident of the camp. The miners have begun cleaning up around their cabins, and one or two of the men have even gone so far as to send to this city for white shirts.

During the past two years the camps have grown at a remarkable rate, and now the number of men greatly exceeds the number of women. The miners are nearly all big, handsome fellows, making good money, and they long for all the “comforts of home.” The women already on the ground are about in the proportion of one to ten, and the husband of each is the envy of all the unmarried men.

## Three Hundred and Seventy-five Pounds a Week.

James Smith, one of the authors of the celebrated “Rejected Addresses,” was better paid for a trifling exertion of his versatile muse than any poet since the world began. One day he met the late Mr. Stetson, the King's printer, at a dinner party, and found him suffering from gout and old age, though his intellectual faculties remained unimpaired. The next morning he transmitted to him the following letter from a stout young fellow:

Your lower limbs are aching, are they not?

When last I saw you walk:

The cause I presently found out.

When you began to talk.

The power that props the body's length,

In due proportion spread,

In you mounts upward, and the strength

All settles in the head.

This compliment proved so highly acceptable to the old gentleman that he made an immediate collection of it, by which he benefited the writer the sum of three thousand pounds, being at the rate of three hundred and seventy-five pounds sterling for each line.

## Two Men; Two Reasons; One Idea.

Do not forget that Mark Hanna asks all supporters of the “yellow” metal to wear the “Red, White and Blue” next Saturday—his purpose being to “spit” the man who doesn't consider an enemy of McKinley. Mr. Bryan is endeavoring to win, not only because they are the colors of the national emblem, but because he does not desire any man to be “spotted.” Therefore wear the national colors.